

THE COMET.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

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Entered at the Postoffice at Johnson City, Tenn., as Second Class Matter.

We are authorized and requested to announce Mr. W. H. HICKS as a candidate for Sheriff of Sullivan County. Election August next.

We are authorized to announce GEORGE E. DUNCAN as a candidate to represent Washington County in the next General Assembly of the State of Tennessee.

We are authorized and requested to announce JAMES W. MARRAS as a candidate to represent Sullivan County in the next General Assembly of the State of Tennessee.

Will You Help Us?

It now takes a half a day to print one side of THE COMET on our hand press, and that requires one day of each week for press work alone. We want a power press, one that will print our present edition in two hours, and we mean to have it if our friends will help us. We want our subscribers to send us the amount of their subscriptions and then get their neighbors to subscribe. We want two thousand more subscribers before the campaign is over. We will have to have a power press to print them. Help us get it, and we will make THE COMET bigger, and brighter, and newer than ever.

THE COMET will preach the gospel according to St. John.

The Rev. J. H. Jennings has a fine boy baby at his house.

Dr. Berry, of Bristol, dropped in a few days ago and took a whiff of COMET.

Sweet juicy Lotspeach was in town this week, grocerying the merchants. Ah, Lottie, Lottie, thou art a brick!

Nat Hyder is the worst radical in the Union. It has accumulated in him till he weighs two fifty. All pisen.

Coffee 6 1/2 and 7 lb to the \$1.00.

HUNT & LIDE.

Hunt & Lide's mammoth store is blazing and bristling like a comet, with hardware. Let her bristle, let her hardware.

The editors of THE COMET will not be held responsible for the sentiments of communications. "Every tub must stand on its own bottom."

Marshall Key had a regular battle with some well known parties a few nights ago. A number of pistol shots were exchanged. Key held the battle field.

J. T. Wheatley, the irrepressible and polite "Horse shoe bed spring" man, sprung in to see us Wednesday last. Mr. Wheatley has been making his headquarters at Jonesboro.

We guarantee our Lead, Oils, and Mixed Paints.

Robert A. Smith, of Carter, paid the Shiloh Star a pleasant call a day or two ago. Robin is planning his pinions for the legislative flight. Old Carter and Johnson could go further and fare worse.

H. B. Clark has closed a contract for the building of six cottage houses just back of his own residence. The houses are to have all the latest improvements and will be first class in every respect.

Oliver chilled plows and points.

The Elizabethton quartette who took a pleasure trip to Cut Laurel Gap, Johnson county, last week, are told, had pleasure. Full particulars in our next issue.

Prof. Sherry, of Sullivan, will take charge of Zollicoffer Institute this year. The professor gave THE COMET a call a few days ago, much to THE COMET's pleasure. We congratulate Union.

Mr. Wm. Fagan, of Buffalo, has so far, threshed eight hundred and fifty bushels of barley and wheat on his farm this season, and is not through yet. Mr. Fagan is one of the best farmers in Carter county.

Wagons! Wagons! at

Mrs. Henry Grouch, one of THE COMET's warmest supporters, returned a few days ago from a visit to her sister in Ashe county, N. C.

Mr. J. K. Neal, of Ashe county, N. C., tarried a short time in Johnson City this week, on his way to the fertile fields of Nebraska, where he expects to cast his lot.

F. H. Austin brought down from the mountains, two large live rattlesnakes the other day and turned them over to Dr. Fulwider, who killed them, skinned them, and manufactured them into rheumatism liniment.

Black Diamond Cement.

John G. Shell, of Elizabethton, Carter county, is a candidate for the Legislature on the Prohibition ticket. Mr. Shell is a first class man and his qualifications for legislative work are good. John will Shell the woods before he's done.

Mr. Clem Carrington, of New York, Mrs. W. C. Carrington, Mrs. Bettie Crockett, Mrs. Lida Madison and Dr. M. M. Butler, of Bristol, passed up the Narrow Gauge to the famous gorge last Tuesday. We hope they found the scenery gorgeous and passed the time gorgeously.

During the Campaign.

THE COMET will be furnished from now until the 1st day of December for 50 cents. You can send the amount by postal note which will cost you but three cents. If your office is not supplied with postal notes, send postage stamps.

We are glad to know that the poor people's friend, Dr. John S. Snodgrass, of Michigan College, has so far recovered from a long spell of sickness as to be able to ride out.

John Allison was at Johnson City, Wednesday, on legal business. Mr. Allison is a very successful lawyer. Before leaving the city he made the COMET office a pleasant visit.

Spun brass kettles only 34 cents per lb.

Will Anderson, the live agent of the Doe River Woolen Mills, passed through our city Monday with a full line of jeans, blankets and yarn for his many customers. He was bound for Boon's Creek country.

Syrups at 40 and 50 cents at

Will C. Carroll, who lives near Buffalo creek, had his house entered, and robbed, by a sneak thief on last Saturday. Will was in Johnson City, and his wife had gone to see a neighbor, when the thief came and stole his coat and vest, and some of his wife's clothing. No clue to the light-fingered visitor.

Col. Thos. E. Matson, superintendent of the E. T. & W. N. C. R. R., paid us a substantial visit last Monday. His open face was beaming with kindness, his open hand was beaming with coin—THE COMET beamed with pleasure—we had no mole in our eye—we pulled the beam out of our brother's hand. Wish our subscribers would beam that away.

Best and cheapest Tobacco.

Miss Blanch St. John, of Blountville, and Miss Lena St. John, of Carter Depot, two sweet saints, close a kin to THE COMET, tarried a day in this beautiful burg on the banks of Brush creek, and then "teared" themselves away. This occurred last Tuesday. Lord put it into their hearts to come back again.

The ladies of Bristol have a painting epidemic. It is a new process of painting on glass. Their praise of the professor who revealed to them the secret of the new art is transcendently sublime. We hope they will exhibit some of their pictures made under this wonderfully marvelous new art, at the Fair this fall.

Fred H. Austin is running the Banner Hotel, at Elk Park, a beautiful little summer resort, on the E. T. & W. N. C. R. R. If Fred is as clever a landlord as he is in every other capacity, his guests are surely happy. Go up among the mountains where the cold fountains gush, where the heat of southern summer never goes and where the weary can find rest.

A full line of Hardware.

The report of our worthy depot agent, Jno. W. Eakin, for the year ending June 30, 1884, shows that the shipments made from Johnson City on the E. T. & W. N. C. R. R. foot up thirty-nine millions two hundred and thirteen thousand, one hundred and ninety-seven pounds. Johnson City stands fourth on the list of important shipping points on this magnificent railroad line, counting Chattanooga, Knoxville and Bristol as the other three. And yet our depot is an eye sore to the railroad, to Johnson City and to the people. It is hoped the company will give us a depot worthy of the last year's record, and that we may yet see John Eakin seated in a decent and comfortable office, despatching business in his usual correct and rapid way.

Wonder if every body's babies are bad. Wonder if they all watch their mother and try to imitate her. Do they see the maternal ancestor clip her bangs, and slip out in the back porch, and there alone in their glory cut out whole patches of yellow hair.

Our oldest young COMET did. Have they all got a perpetual yelling machine. Young COMET No. 2 has. It is too burnt on the stove; a tumble into the rainwater barrel; a fall on the back of the head out of a chair; a spell of colic or a tooth won't come through; it is always a squall to eat at the first table—especially if mother has company. If it isn't this it's that; if it isn't a bawling fit; if it isn't sick it's choked on dried apples or a thimble; it jumps up and down and turns purple in the face and screams like a scalded hound pup to go down town with poppy—when he's in a great hurry to meet a man who promised to pay his subscription—meat and bread at issue. But what is home without a baby, after all? A well without a bucket, a rose bush without a bud, a cell without a sunbeam, a field without a flower, a sky without a star, a comet with a tail. Dimpled hands, the patter of little bare feet, the prattling tongues, the little busy bodies while they increase lives cures, they lighten its toils; while they make us want to die, who would not die for his babies? Let the racket go on.

Nails! Nails! Nails! Old Dominion. HUNT & LIDE.

Twelve hundred COMETS blaze out on the astonished world this week.

We sell the spun brass kettle and not the common pressed.

HUNT & LIDE.

I would rather be a beggar and spend my last dollar and a quarter for THE COMET, like a King, than to be a King and never pay for the COMET.

Don't wait, but come at once. Sugar, 14 lbs to the dollar. Coffee, 8 lbs to the dollar. Bacon, best, 12 1/2 cts per pound. Fruit jars. Harvest Set, ten pieces \$1.00. Fly screens for the table. Lamps and a full line of groceries.

The City Hotel, under the management of Will A. Dickinson, has become first class. A warmer hearted landlord never opened a register. But the light of the hotel, and Will's guardian angel, is the laughing lady Dickinson. The City Hotel is prosy many customers. He was bound for Boon's Creek country.

Darwin says that men originally had tails, and that gradual evolution and change of habits rendered them unnecessary and so the tails dropped off. Well, there is this about it, by George, there were no bald headed printers in those good old times. For the Taylor of THE COMET thinks there could be no more happy arrangement on a warm day than a good long bushy tail curling gracefully upward, so that he could manipulate type with both hands and mind the flies off his bald head all at the same time.

Bachelors Picnic.

A large crowd of our young people made a tour to the wonderful "Rock House" on Wednesday. The "Rock House" is a very large cave, five miles south of this place. There is a chamber, far within its depths, that looks like it had been chiseled out of the solid rock. It is called the "Ball Room," and has hung with many a laugh, and trip on the light fantastic toe. Our young friend, Sam Crumley, says it is a splendid room to court in.

J. T. McTeer & Co.

One of the largest mercantile establishments in the State is McTeer's great wholesale clothing emporium in Knoxville. The immense building occupied by this prince of merchants is now literally packed with clothing of every description and of splendid quality. Merchants who want good bargains and fair dealing will make money by trading with McTeer.

Obituary.

Died at Johnson City on 17th of June, 1884, Mrs. Sarah L. C. Kilby, wife of H. J. Kilby.

The deceased was born at Taylorsville, Tenn., on the 18th of May, 1848, and was the daughter of Archibald and Louisa Bradford. She was married to Mr. J. C. Bell, of Morristown, in 1867, who died the following April. She made a profession of religion, and united with the Baptist church in 1872, and lived an exemplary Christian in that connection till death.

She was married August, 1872, to Mr. H. J. Kilby, and with him moved to Johnson City. She leaves a husband and seven children to mourn her loss. In her the pastor of the Baptist church feels he has lost a member and a Christian helper whose place will be hard to fill. But she has gone to serve her master in the pure realm of joy where there is no sin or suffering.

J. W. WHITLOCK.

A Fine Opportunity.

As the self-vaunted Democratic and Republican organs of this district have progressed from a mutual admiration society at Jonesboro, through several sorghum-taffy gradations of billing, cooing and love-making, and have at length mixed, mingled and merged into a concern half-horse, half-alligator and the rest skunk, now in the course of divine dispensations, is an auspicious time for a qualified and decent Democrat and Republican to engage in a profitable journalistic enterprise. It is true there are but few gentlemen in either party that have the ready cash for such a heavy investment, but there can be found at least one or more in each organization who can make the undertaking without compelling a dozen or more dependents to furnish the material and without drawing on sixteen thousand dollars of other peoples money to pay expenses, and keep up a show of shoddy nabob grandeur in a private establishment. The opportunity is open, and let it be taken hold of at once.

Science Hill Institute,

JOHNSON CITY, TENN.

The next session of this school will begin September 1st, 1884, and continue 36 weeks. Course of study thorough and complete. The most competent and best trained teachers. The teacher of music will be a lady of experience, possessing the highest degree of culture both in vocal and instrumental music.

W. A. EVANS, Prin. Science Hill Institute, July 26, 1884.

HUMOROUS.

Oh, where are the booms that are busted?

She was looking for pieces for a crazy quilt. "Couldn't you tear off a few little pieces from those silk patterns?" "I should be delighted to do so," replied the clerk, "but you see this house is in favor of a tear-off for revenue only."—Chicago News.

"My dear brethren," said the minister, leaning forward and speaking very earnestly, "in this excessively warm and oppressive weather I can excuse a little drowsiness during the sermon, but I do wish that you would try and keep awake while the collection is being taken up."—N. Y. Sun.

A man met a girl and kissed her. She was terribly indignant, and had him arrested. She gave an account in the witness box of how he gazed at her, and then, throwing his arms around her, he imprinted a kiss upon her lips. The prisoner made no defence, and the jury was expected to promptly convict him. They returned to the court room.

"The jury would like to ask the lady two questions," the foreman said. The Judge consented, and she went on the stand. "Did you wear the jersey that you've got on now?" "Yes, sir," was the demure reply. "And was your hair banded like that?" "Yes, sir." "Then your Honor, we acquit the prisoner on the ground of emotional insanity."—N. Y. Sun.

THE JUDGE.

An illustrated comic newspaper full of fun, sarcasm and ability. Subscribe now for the campaign. Sixteen pages weekly. \$2.00 one year, \$2.50 six months, single copies 10 cents. Ask your newsdealer for it.

THE JUDGE, 326 PEARL ST., N. Y.

PENDLETON'S NEW DRUG STORE

IN JOBE'S NEW BLOCK.

—(A FULL LINE OF)—

Drugs, Chemically Pure,

PATENT MEDICINES, PERFUMES, SOAPS, TOILET ARTICLES, FINE FRENCH CONFECTIONERIES, STATIONARY, TOBACCO AND CIGARS. Prescriptions accurately compounded at all hours. Everything new and of best quality.

Dissolution Notice.

The copartnership which has existed between us has been, by mutual consent, this day dissolved. J. M. and H. P. King continuing the mercantile business, R. C. Hodge retiring. All parties indebted to King, Hodge & Co., must call at once and settle up their accounts, as it is very necessary that the old business be closed up. Very respectfully,

J. M. KING, R. C. HODGE, H. P. KING.

Wide Awake Druggists.

Messrs. J. B. Hash & Son are always alive to their business, and spare no pains to secure the best of every article in their line. They have secured the agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. The only certain cure known for Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Hay Fever, Bronchitis, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs. Sold on a positive guarantee. Trial Bottle free. Regular size \$1.00.

BEST BEES!

I am prepared to furnish pure Italian Bees and Queens from improved mothers, on short notice. I am agent and manufacturer for Washington county of the Diehl Improved Bee Hive, the best hive now in use, and I offer a special premium for honey made on these hives of \$10.00, to be at the fair this year. For particulars address or call on me at my home soon.

H. C. AUSTIN, Austin Springs, Tenn.

Thousands Say So.

Mr. T. W. Atkins, Girard, Kan., writes: "I never hesitate to recommend your Electric Bitters to my customers, they give entire satisfaction and are rapid sellers." Electric Bitters are the purest and best medicine known and will positively cure Kidney and Liver complaints. Purify the blood and regulate the bowels. No family can afford to be without them. They will save hundreds of dollars in doctor's bill every year. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by Dr. J. B. Hash & Son.

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The most refined and most popular of all the humorous journals. Eight Pages, Forty-Eight Columns Of the choicest Original and Selected matter every week.

Price, \$3.00 a Year, Post-Paid, TO ANY ADDRESS.

SPECIAL OFFER.

By special arrangement with the publisher of this paper, THE ARKANSAW TRAVELER will be clubbed with THE COMET for \$2.25, thus affording an opportunity to secure both papers for less than the price of one. This is a rare offer. Take advantage of it at once. Sample copies of THE ARKANSAW TRAVELER will be mailed on application.

We also furnish the two large and splendid Colored Engravings "THE ARKANSAW TRAVELER" and "THE TURN OF THE TIDE."

Which, together with the original story of the "Arkansaw Traveler," as told by Colonel "Sandy" Faulkner, will be mailed to any address on receipt of 40 cts. postage stamps taken. These pictures are not given as premiums, but are mailed, post-paid, only on receipt of price. Address REAP & BENHAM, Publishers, Little Rock, Ark.

EAST TENNESSEE, VIRGINIA & GEORGIA RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

In Effect May 25th, 1884.

(Central Standard Time.)

	No. 2	No. 4
Chattanooga	7.18 am	7.40 pm
Polkwa	8.19 am	8.12 pm
Leveland	9.00 am	9.00 pm
Harleston	9.56 am	9.27 pm
thens	9.38 am	10.40 pm
Water	10.21 am	10.25 pm
oudon	10.47 am	10.53 pm
Cnoxville	11.47 am	11.55 pm
Cnoxville	11.52 am	12.06 pm
erristown	1.39 pm	1.32 am
ogersville J'n	2.18 pm	2.07 am
reneville	3.02 pm	2.47 am
oneboro	3.53 pm	3.39 am
Johnson's	4.10 pm	3.56 am
ristol	5.00 pm	4.47 am